For I shall feel the sting ceaseless pain, If there I meet thy gen spirit not;
Nor hear the voice of love or read again In thy serenest eyes the oder thought. Will not thy own meek he demand me there? That heart whose fondest three to me was earth was ever in the prayer, nou never utter it in lawen?

iou forget the love that joined us The love that lived through all the stormy past, nd meekly with my harshe nature bore d deeper grew, and tenderer to the last, half it expire with life and is no more?

will a cheerful homage to the rule right, And lovest all, and renderest good for ill. For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell, Shrink and consume my heart as heat the wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell Yet, though thou wear'st the glory of the sky, Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name The same fair thoughtful brow and gentle eye, Loveller in heaven's sweet climate, yet the

Shalt thou not teach me in that calmer hon The wisdom that I learned so ill in this— The wisdom which is love—till I become Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

MARRIED LIFE.

I twisted round each glossy curl, I mocked him with my saucy eyes "I'm not a woman, but a girl— I'd rather far be fair than wise!"

"Time is so pitiless," he said;
"Shall time be pitiless in vain?
When youth is fied and beauty dead,
What will remain?—what will a

Laughing, I cried, "Ah! see the foal It scours the field; It can't keep stil The kitten—little merry soul— Forever plays; forever will.

The horse is steady, and the cat As you can wish, I'm sure; She sits all day upon the mat, And licks her paws and looks d

O let me while I'm young, be gay, Just to be happy never hurts; When I am old I'll sit all day, And read your books and mend yo shirts."

let my golden hair run down, And on the ground its beauty trail; and as an answer to his frown,

[Mrs. Jerningham's Journa Medical Hints.

BY AN M. D. Without a good stomach it is impo sible to attain a great age; yet it is the best abused organ in the body.

Don't doctor for every little ailment. If half the sensible people in the world had common sense it would be better

A consumptive should not go South. to take brandy twice a day for bronchi-

tis, will probably be guilty of making one drunkard. Soap and water is the best dentifrice that can be used. The habit of eating cloves, cachou okes, trix, hunkidori, and all such

will eventually produce dyspepsia.

Children should never put shop or visiting cards in their mouths; the glazing is poisonous.

Ripe, raw, fresh fruit is good, an may be eaten with safety, but should also be eaten in moderation.

Vinegar diluted with water, an

sweetened, makes a good drink in fe-ver. Heated hot, the steam of pure vinegar is good for sore throats. It should be inhaled from the mouth of a teapot, or other similar vessel. Fresh lard rubbed into the chest daily, with the warm hand, is useful in

consumption. Onions, well boiled, are a useful article of food. They are stimulating and act upon the secretions, and also promote digestion. The juice of the onion is recommended in dropsy.—In-

Story of a Highwayman.

Not many years ago, an Irishman whose finances did not keep pace with the demands made upon his pocket, and whose scorn of honest labor was eminently unfavorable to their being legitimately filled, borrowed an old pistol one day, when poverty had driv-en him to extremity, and took the highway convenient, where he likely to find a heavy purse.

A jolly old farmer came jogging long, and Pat put him down immedi ately as a party who possessed those requisites he so much stood in need of himself. Presenting his pistol, he or-dered him to 'stand and deliver.'

The poor fellow forked over some fif-ty dollars, but finding Pat somewhat of greenhorn, begged a five to take him nome, a distance of about half a mile. The request was complied with, accompanied with a most patronizing air Old Acres and Roods was a knowing one. Eying the pistol, he asked Pat is he would sell it. "Is it to sell the pistol? Sowl, and it's that same thing I'll be after doing. What will ye be after giving for it?"
"I'll give you the five dollar bill for

" Done! and done's enough between

two gentlemen. Down with the dust, and here's the tool for ye." The bargain was clinched by my immediate transfer. The moment the farmer got the weapon, he ordered Pat to shell out, and threatened to blow his orains out if he refused. Pat looked at him with a comical

leer, and buttoning his breeches pockets, sung out: Blow away, ould boy! deuce take

By Alfred S. Horsley.

COTATION TO THE

COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1870.

THE CHIMINAL WITNESS

In the spring of 1861 I was called to Jackson, Alabama, to assend court, having been engaged to defend a young man who had been accused of robbing the mail. I arrived early in the morning and immediately had a long conference with my client. The stolen mail bags had been recovered, as well as letters from which money had been rified. These letters were given me for examination, and I returned them to the prosecuting attorney. Having got through my private preliminaries about noon, and as the case would not come off before the next day, I went into

ourt to see what was going on.
The first case that came up was one of theft, and the prisoner was a young of theft, and the prisoner was a young girl not more than seventeen years of age, named Elizabeth Madworth.—She was very pretty, and bore that mild, innocent look which you seldom find in a culprit. She had been weeping profusely, but as she found so many eyes upon her, she became too frightened to weep more.

weep more.

The complaint against her set forth that she had stolen a hundred dollars from a Mrs. Naseby, and as the case went on, I found that Mrs. Naseby, a wealthy widow living in the town, was the girl's mistress. The poor girl deduced her innocence in the wildest clared her innocence in the wildest terms; but circumstances were hard-against her. A hundred dollars in bank notes had been stolen from her

mistress' room, and she was the only one that had access there.

At this juncture, when the mistress was upon the stand, a young man caught me by the arm. He was a fine looking young man, and big tears stood in his eyes.

"They tell me you are a good lawyer," he whispered.
"I am a lawyer," I answered.
"Then do save her. You certainly can do it, for she is innocent."

"Is she your sister?"
"No sir," he added; "but—butere he hesitated. 'Has she no counsel?" I asked "None that's good for anything, nobody that'll do anything for her. Oh, save her! and I'll give you all I've got

-I cannot give you much, but I can raise something." eyes toward the prisoner, and she was at that moment looking at me. She caught my eye, and the volume of umble entreaty I read in her glance esolved me in a moment. I arose and went to the girl asked her if she wished me to defend

her. She said yes. I then informed the court that I was ready to enter into purer it is, and pure air is what is the case, and the murmur of satisfac-

glance at once, as it rested upon the fair young prisoner, and the moment I detected the look of hatred which I the following, which was without date, read there, I was convinced that she save that made by the postmaster upon the outside. I give it verbatim: was the rogue.

"Nancy Luther, did you say that irl's name was?" I asked, for a new light had broken in upon me. 'Yes. sir."

I left the court room and went to the prosecuting attorney and asked him for the letters I had handed him—the ones that had been stolen from the mail-bag. He gave them to me, and having selected one, I returned the rest, and told him I would see he had the one I kept before night. I then re-

She said she entrusted the room to the prisoner's care, and that no one else had access there save herself. Then she described about the missing money, and closed by telling how she had found twenty-five dollars in the prisoner's trunk She could swear it was the identical

money she had lost, in two tens and a five dollar bill. five dollar bill.

"Mrs. Naseby," said I, "when you first missed the money, had you any reason to believe that the prisoner had taken it 2" No. sir."

"Should you have thought of searching her trunk had not Nancy Luther advised and informed you?"

"No. sir." Mrs. Naseby left the stand, and Nancy Luther took her place. She came up with a bold look, and upon me she east a defiant look, as much as to say, trap me if you can." She gave me the evidence as follows:

She said that on the night the money was taken she saw the prisoner going

that she picked up the lamp.

"Very well," said I, "how long have you been with Mrs. Naseby?"

"Not quite a year, sir."

"How much does she pay you a

"A dollar and three quarters."
"Have you taken any of your since you have been here?"

at different times, just as I wanted it and kept no account."
"Now, if you had wished to

"Then you have not laid up any money since you have been here?"
"No, sir; only what Mrs. Naseby may owe me.'

dollars when you came there?"
"No sir, and what's more, the mon ey found in the girl's trunk was the money Mrs. Naseby lost. You might have known that if you'd remembered

ev in the prisoner's trunk. However, was not overcome entirely.
"Will you tell me if you belong to this State ?" " I do."

I next turned to Mrs. Naseby.
"Do you ever take a receipt from our girls when you pay them?" your girls when you pay them "Always." Can you send and get one

"She has told you the truth, about the payment," said Mrs. Naseby. "Oh, I don't doubt it," I replied; "particular proof is the thing for the court room. So if you can, I wish you would produce the receipt."
She said she would willingly go if the court said so. And the court said so, and she went. Her dwelling was

"Now your honor," I said, as I gave him the letter, "it is directed to Dorcus Luther, Sumers, Monigomery county. And you will observe that one hand wrote the letter and signed the receipts, and the jury will so ob-observe. And now I will only add how it was disposed of. Seventy-five

LIFE IN WALL STREET.

The "fierce extremes" of Wall street may be best illustrated by the experimence of W—. He came into the market in 1862, with six hundred dollars, bought gold at 110 and sold it at 135; bought again three times as much, sold it for 160; went into Eric at 39, sold it for 80; bought Pacific Mail at 120, sold it for 155. In March, 1863, he had \$49,000 at his bankers. But this was only the beginning. Something was going on in Harlem, so he bought 2,000 Harlem; Morse was at work at Pittsburg, so he bought 2,000 Pittsburg; Eric was feverishly moving on to 90, so he feverishly moving on to 90, so he bought 1,000 Erie. Meanwhile Hooker there was silence in the stock market for the space of a day. Now the news came of a retrogade movement, in plain English, a repulse, The army was this side the Rappahannock, the signal was given, and the cohort of bulls moved on their enemy's works. Erie sold up to 110, Pittsburg 105, and Harlem in its

proportion. He pocketed \$90,000 more by this venture, and in March, 1864, he stood \$250,000 ahead of the market. stood \$250,000 ahead of the market.—
Then for a short space he had a charming life. A pair of spanking bays, tandem, whirled him to the Park in a tall Belmont. with a flunkey in livery on the back seat, with a bug on his hat.—
Over his morning repast floated the aromatic steam of Mocha, and the flavor of exotic fruits. He lunched off partridge, stuffed with truffles, washed down by a bottle of Chateau d'Yqem, or the liquid pellucid gold of the vintage of Xeres, and his dinner was nine courses of flah, flesh and fowl at Delmonico's, flanked by the most toothsome entrements, and wines that would make a Musselman forswear his creed.
But soon W— suffered a change—
"a sea change into something (not) street reputation.

Men and women of America who.

But soon W— suffered a change—
"a sea change into something (not) rich but strange." He had a few "points" on Gelena, then selling for 142. There was a pool in it which was going to put it up to 175; it was actually worth 200; there was an actual dividend of forcy per cent. to be declared; William B. Ogden was in the movement—these were the points. He bought 6000 shares. Then he bought 1000 Pittsburg at 123, and 2000 Fort Wayne at 144. In ten days he lost \$270,000. This was in the great panic \$270,000. This was in the great panic

of April, 1864. We met W— six weeks ago. not far off, and she soon returned and handed me four receipts, which I took and examined. They were signed in a strange, staggering hand by the witness.

"Now, Nancy Luther," I said, turning to the witness and speaking in a quick, startling tone, at the same time looking her sternly in her eyes, "please tell the court and jury and me, where you got the seventy-five dollars you sont in your letter to your sixty in store for him. Let us hove it

count, and these are mere flea bites compared to the great Hudson, Harlem, and Central pool of 1860, which, it is said, hold directly or by proxy from fifty to sixty millions in these stocks, besides a controlling interest of fifteen or twenty millions more in the Lake or twenty millions more in the Lake or twenty millions more in the Lake Shore consolidated line.

How can such immense busines dollars was sent off for safe keeping, while the remaining twenty-five were placed in the prisoner's trunk for the purpose of covering the real criminal. Of the tone of parts of the letter you must judge. I now leave my client's case in your bands?

How can such immense business be transacted? A large part of it is done by the payment of the difference between the buying and selling price, the securities bought and sold not being actually detivered. The remaining portion of the business is done by means of control of the business is done by mea The case was given to the jury immediately following their examination of the letters. They had heard from the witness's own mouth that she had

The strain of the product of the pro

seven or eight years, have been esti-mated at near, if not quite, \$5,000,000. It would not be an exaggeration to say that if he had operated on the long side with the same boldness, craft and reapplitude to that of his great rival, Vanderbilt, who never goes short of stocks. No doubt Drew has occasionally made a great hit, as for instance in the winter of 1867, during the Erie break; but his successes in this line have rather served to diminish the grand total of his losses than to build up a fortune on the pious column. The traps which have been set for him would be the death of a man of smaller means and less resolution. But Daniel always makes terms if worsted, and uses diplomacy as skillfully as he wields that large hammer of his with which he knocks down the price of stocks.

stocks.

The closing years of Jacob Little convey to all who would sell stocks short, a still more instructive lesson.

Still clinging to the objects of a pursuit which was to him a passion, his face bearing the marks of the flerce struggles of his life, a broken, wierd looking old man, he haunted the board room like a spectre, where he had once reigned as a king, offering small lots of five shares of the same stock the whole capital whereof he had once controlled. Where, then, were the piled millions which that cunning hand and scheming brain had rolled up? scheming brain had rolled up? Where the prestige of his victories on 'Change? Gone, scattered, lost. Poor and unnoticed, he passed away from the scene, and left nothing behind him but the shadow of what was once a great Wall

making haste to be rich and taking evil counsel, would enter Wall street, and put your money on the hazard of a die, give heed to the following maxims, the fruit of a dearly-bought experience.

Buy only on the amplest margins.

Be an occasional and not a constant

Cut short your losses and let your Never sell what you have not got.

DANIEL DREW. Drew appears under a variety of names, "the Old Man," "Uncle Daniel," "the Ursa Major," "the speculative director," "the Old Bear," etc.; these are a few of the designations he had received. Well, too, does he deserve the title of the "Merry old gentleman" of Wall street. In his most earnest operations, he never seems to lose sight of the "fun of the thing." His most serious moods are easily brok-en in upon by ludicrous suggestions, and then he gives yent, every now and

the following, which was without date, save that made by the postmaster upon the outside. I give it verbatim:

"Sister Dorcus:—I send you here seventy-five dollars which I want yuto kepe for me till I cum hum. I can't kepe it cos im afeerd it will get stole don't speak won word to livin soul about this don't want anpbody to know ive got enny money you won't now will you. I am fust rate only that gude for nothing snipe of lis madworth is here yit—but I hope to get over now—you know I rote about her, give my love to all enquirin' friends. This from youre till deth.

"NANCY LUTHER."

"Now your honor," I said, as I "Now your honor," I said, as I "Now your honor," I said, as I cent. indicates a daily business of four millions of four millions. Morse, the great bull leader of 1864, had fifteen million dollars' worth of stocks on call at one time.

Among the gigantic operations in Eric, New York Central, and gold, during the past two years, such prominent firms as Lockwood & Co., David Groesbeck & Co., William Heath & Co., Rufth & Co., Smith, Gould, Martin & Co., etc., have held blocks of stocks and gold to an almost fabulous amount. More than one leading operators in the intellect was subtle. The word subtle does not altogether express it. It should be vulpine. His is the intellect of a fox of the antedeluvi-and ruses it. It should be vulpine. His is the intellect of a fox of the antedeluvi-and ruses as Reynard himself. He covers his tracks, and takes to the waw to stocks and gold to an almost fabulous amount. More than one leading operators in the intellect was subtle. The word subtle does not altogether express it. It should be vulpine. His is the intellect of a fox of the antedeluvi-and ruses it. It should be vulpine. His is the intellect of a fox of the antedeluvi-and ruses it. It should be vulpine. The word subtle does not altogether expressive. The word subtle does not altogether expressive. The word subtle does not altogether expressive. The word subtle does not altogether expressive in the intellect of a fox and countless devices, have foiled them at last, and he now sits in his strong-

The year 1858 passed swiftly, and in the stock market, uneventfully away. Starting February with the old margin of five hundred dollars, I found that mediately following their examination of the letters. They had heard from the witness's own mouth that she had no money of her own, and without leaving their seats they returned a verdict of "Not Guilty."

I will not describe the scene that followed, but if Nancy Luther had not been arrested for theft, she would have been arrested for theft, she would have been arrested for theft, she would have officers, or the excited people would have maimed her, at least, if they had not done more. The next morning I received a note handsomely written, and in it I was fold that the within was hut a slight token of the gratitude due

broker, has bought of C, a propact, seed they, for which shares of Lake Shore at 90, for which shares of Lake Shore at 90, for which shares of Lake Shore at 90, for which he has to pay \$450,000. B, having a capital of only \$50,000, but being of good standing and credit, the bank where he keeps his account will certify his check as good for \$450,000, though let then may have only \$10,000 on deposit. Before 3 o'clock P. M. B will have been obliged to seek protection of the officers, or the excited people would have maimed her, at least, if they had not done more. The next morning I received a note handsomely written, and in it I was fold that the within was hut a slight token of the gratitude due

broker, has bought of C, a propact sharing a file of the witness's own which he has to pay \$450,000. B, having a sales, in which I have been playing the ancient Wall street game of see-saw, whe he has to pay \$450,000, though let the bank where he keeps his account will certify his check as good for \$450,000, though let then may have only \$10,000 on deposit of the fact which strikes every one after of only \$200, and now first occurred to me the fact which strikes every one after only and lower the fact which strikes every one after of only \$200, and now first occurred to me the fact which strikes every one after only and the fact which strikes every one after only and the fact which strikes every one afte

MONAMERD. which contains a description of Mohammed, so graphic, striking, and new, that the reader will be glad to see it reproduced here. The portrait is derived from the Traditions, the Midrash of Islam, as the writer terms them:

"He was of middle height, rather thin, but broad of shoulders, wide of chest, strong of bone and muscle. His head was massive, strongly developed. Dark hair—slightly curied—flowed in a dense mass down almost to his shoulders. Even in advanced age it was sprinkled by only about twenty gray hairs—produced by the agonts of his 'Revelation.' His face was oval shapton, slightly tawny of color. Fine, long, arched eyebrows were divided by a vein which throbbed visibly in moments of passion. Great, black, restless eyes shone out from under long heavy eyelashes. His nose was large, slightly aquiline. His teeth, upon which he bestowed great care, were well set, dazzling white. A full beard framed his manly face. His skin was clear and soft, his complexion 'red and white,' his hands were as 'silk and satis.'—even as those of a woman. His steen have been stowed for his country—even as those of a woman. His steen have been stowed to strangers.

zling white. A full beard framed his manly face. His skin was clear and soft, his complexion 'red and white,' his hands were as 'silk and satin,'— even as those of a woman. His step was quick and elastic, yet firm, and as that of one 'who steps from a high to a low place.' In turning his face he would also turn his whole body. His whole gait and presence were dignified and imposing. His countenance was mild and pensive. His laugh was rarely more than a smille. 'O, my little son!' reads one tradition, 'hadst thou seen him thou wouldst have said thou hadst seen a sun-rising.' 'I,' says another witness, 'saw him in a moon light night, and sometimes I looked at his beauty and sometimes looked at the moon, and his dress was striped with red, and he was brighter and more beautiful to me than the moon."

"In his habits he was extremely simple, though he bestowed great care on his person. His eating and drinking, his dress and his furniture, retained, even when he had reached the fulness of power, their almost primi-

tained, even when he had reached the fulness of power, their almost primitive nature. He made a point of giving away all 'superfluities.' The only luxuries he indulged in were, besides arms, which he highly prized, certain yellow boots, a present from the Negus of Abyssinia. Perfumes, however, he loved passionately, being most sensitive of smell. Strong drinks he abborred

filled with reverence, those who came near him loved him, they who describless withal, often low-spirited, down-cast as to heart and eyes. Yet he would at times suddenly break through those broodings, gay, talkative, jocular, chiefly among his own. He would leight in telling amusing little stories, fairy-tales, and the like. He would romp with the children, and play with their toys—a:, after his first wife's death, he was wont to play with the dolls his new baby wife had brought into his house."

and he soon after became demented, continuing in hopeless idiocy until a few days since, when death, greater healer than time, placed him again upon a equality with the peers of his early manhood, who had gone before him to the God that created him and did with him according to his inscrutable will. And so ends as sad a story at the truth of history ever commanded to be written.

Two sons of Henry Clay yet survive

1 Boy's First Root's. The boot period is the dividing line between a babyhood and boyhood. Before the boots, one is tramped upon by comrades, and stuck with pins, and we walk with an air of apology for the fact that we were born at all. Robust school-fellows strike us across the cheek, and when we turn to them the cry, "Who are you looking at?" or, what is worse than any possible insult, have somebody chuck us under the chin and call us "Bub." Before the crisis of boots, the country boy carries a handkerchief. This keeps him in a state of constant humiliation. Whatever crisis may come in a boy's history—no crisis may come in a boy's history—no handkerchief. This is the very unpopular period of snuffles. But at last the period of boots dawns upon a boy. Look out how you call him "Bub." He parts his hair on the side, has the end of his white handkerchief sticking out of the top of his side pocket as if it wars recently arranged so that a disc

men, the people of his Commonwealth have been slow to speak to strangers of the skeleton in his household, though in the homes of the State the sad story

has been a household word.
Yesterday morning our special telegrams announced the end of a weary life, in stating that Theodore, eldest son of Henry Clay, had died in the Lexington Lunatic Asylum, after a long confiement. The record of his blasted life is briefly thus:
At thirty years of age Theodore Clay was a promising lawyer. He was the image and hope of the statesman whose fame was on every tongue. It is true that there were whispers of wild living, and of indifferent morals, that somewhat tinged the fair repute and somewhat tinged the fair repute a even darkened the future prospects this scion of a noble house. Still was hoped that these were but the fult of youth, and would be cast asi when circumstances called upon t make his talent felt in the commun It was at this turning-point in h

ent moment one of the brightest or "His constitution was extremely delicate. He was nervously afraid of bodily pain; he would sob and roar under it. Eminently unpractical in all common things of life, he was gifted with mighty powers of imagination, elevation of mind, delicacy and refinement of feeling. "He is more modest than a and the first washed in an ordinate of the court fart if was ready to entire the court fart if was ready to the project with a court of the court fart if was ready to the project with a court of the court fart if was and the first was an an immediately placed the manney being the court of the first was and the first was an an immediately placed the manney was an in upon type indicated was an an immediately placed the manney in the court of the cou tector of those he protected, the sweetest and most agreeable in conversation: those who saw him were suddenly filled with reverence, those who came dressed, in the style of his day, and was the beau par excellence. During all these long years, despite his general gentleness and cheerfulness of manner, he was restless and discontented, and ed him would say, 'I have never seen his like either before or after.' He was of great taciturnity, and when he spoke with emphasis and deliberation, no one could ever forget what he said. He

> Two sons of Henry Clay yet survive him, T. H. Clay, ex-Minister to Honduras, now residing on his place, "Mansfield," near Lexington, and John M. Clay, the raiser of "Kentucky," and one of the greatest turfmen

Interesting to Cotton Planters. In a recent number of the St. Louis Republican, we observe a description of a machine for separating cotton from the bolls, and cleaning it of all dirt and trash, which, if it really does all that is claimed for it by the patentees, is of the highest value and importance to cotton planters, particularly since the decrease in steady hand labor on the plantations. This machine will take in the cotton balls picked in the take in the cotton bolls, picked in the rough from the plants in the field, and separates the lint completely from them and as completly as was accomplished by the Whitney and other saw gins;

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is of the highest importance to them, as it may enable them to save and send to market every pound of cotton grown. The patent is owned by Messrs. Dowdall, Page & Co., of St. Louis, who are engaged in manufacturing the machine in time for the next crop. No information as to the cost is given by the Republican, nor are we aware that any agency for the sale of the machine has been established in this city. But we have thought the invention of so much importance to the cotton planters that we call the subject to their attention,—N. O. Picayana.

Every town in the country has a can-idate for the next Presidency. Iowa forces its female convicts to break stones just like men. Such is one of the attributes of the other sex.

Bishop Simpson thinks it better to eat early and dilate, than to eat late and die early. A Boston paper says that there are very few railroads in New England whose receipts are not now from 100 to 500 per cent. in excess of the original

If all the land bills now before Con-gress should pass, it would plunder the country of one hundred millions of

What is the difference between failing star and a fog? One is missed in heaven, and the other is mist on A lady who was mjured by the falling seats at a circus in Oregon City, Oregon, has recovered three thousand dollars damages from the company.

An astronomer predicts the coming of a comet this year, or such brilliancy that night will be turned into day, and gas companies will be ruined. A beautiful camels's hair shawl, for some time past on exhibition at a well known store in New York, was sold a

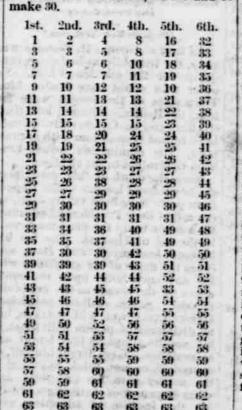
few days ago for five thousand dollars to a gentleman from Wisconsin. A Cincinnati druggist declares that there are no less than a thousand arsenic eaters in that city and immediate vicinity, mostly young women, who take the drug for the complexion.

A good pious man in Main plugged his maple trees on Saturday, to prevent the sap from running on Sunday, and lamented because he could not prevent the trees growing on that day. M. Ernest Renan, in a recently pub-lished article, expresses the opinion that there are but two questions totally mysterious,—the origin of the human

cience, and the supreme end of the It was said of a very handsome wo-

Episcopal marriage service for "clinging to the word 'obey," as applied to the female party of the second part. How about the cpistles of Saint Paul? Are they, too, "at loggerheads with Although the Southern planters are offering \$20 a month for hands, yet the negroes all flock to the towns, where they live in a state of beggary. The editor of the Indiana Student admenishes a contributor in this style:
-"Now, sir, next time when you un-

How to Tell a Person's Age. The following table of figures will The following table of figures will correctly tell a person's age by adding together the figures at the top of the lines in which the age is to be found. For example, we will suppose the age to be 30. By glancing at the table you will observe 30 to be in the 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th lines. and 5th lines. Then run your eye to the top figures of those lines, and you will find that 2 and 4, and 8 and



Month's Department.

AT GRANDMA'S BEDSIDE

Is Grandma awake? Never fear I shall walk her; I'll sit by the bedside and speak very low, And out of my lapful of buttercups make her A bright little nosegay; 'twill gladden her

How queer it would seem if I slept the the daytime, And never rose up when the birds ha

So scented with blosoms and

Nurse shook her head sadly; perhaps s was thinking How I would be resting as Grandma re

And watched by my bedside as I'm water

1. Worked and Earned It.

A few weeks ago, a gentleman ing in an eastern town was called out of his bed one morning by several vig-orous raps upon his front door. Hasti-ly dressing himself, he responded to the call, and found standing upon the steps an uncouth, roughly ciad boy with an axe on his shoulder, who hastily thrusting his hand into his panta-loons pocket, drew out a small roll, and handing it to Judge H—said: "There's seventy-five dollars which

I want you to put in the savings bank,' and hastily turned on his heels and started away. The judge, slightly disconcerted at the curious proceedings, scarce knew what to say, till at length recoving his wits, he cried out after the boy: "Stop! cone back here. How did "Stop! cone back here.

"I worked, and earned it, time was out last night, and I got my money. I've got a job of chopping, which I began on this morning, and I thought I'd leave the money with you as I went to my work, and then i wouldn't take up my time this evening when I want to study."

"What is your name, my asked the Judge. "I wrote it on the paper that I wrapped the money up in," shouted the little wood chopper as he passed on to his work.

That boy's note for a thousand dollars due ten years hence would be as good as gold. If he has his health, he will be worth double that then.

He is beginning in the right way.

The very day his time was out for the summer he entered upon another job, and immediately placed the money be had worked for, where that would work

contained no money, and had then closed the drawer without once thinking that any one would ever know it. The "thin-whitening" which happened to be on his hands did not show at

and he probably had no idea that twelve hours' drying would reveal his wickedternoon the drawer was opened, the man did not come again, and to this day does not know that his acts are known to his employer. Children, beware of evil thoughts and dertake to answer a production, do so in some logical manner; don't snatch up your pen and go rip-snorting along in a style that shows you to be an unconscionable ass."

Children, beware of ever thoughts and deeds! They all leave their finger-marks, which will one day be revealed. If you disobey your parents, or tell a falsehood, or take what is not your own, you make sad stains on your character.

you make sad stains on your character And so it is with all sin. It defiles the soul. It betrays those who engage in it, by the marks it makes on them. These marks may be almost, if not quite, invisible at first. But, even if they should not be seen during any of your days on earth, (which is not at all likely), yet there is a day coming in which every sin will be made manifest.

Never suppose that you can do what is wrong without having a blot made on your soul. It is impossible. If you injure another, you, by that very deed, hurt your own self. If you disregard a law of God, the damage is your own. Think—ever bear it in mind—dear children, that every sin you commit leaves a blemish upon yourselves. Even should it not be seen by those around

you on earth, it will be seen, to your condemnation, at the bar of God.-Home Journal. If the Earth Were to Stand Still.

If the revolution of the earth on its

Miscellany.

"Yes, sir."
"How much?"
"I don't know."

"Why don't you know?"
"How should I? I have taken it

the prisoner, could you have raised twenty-five dollars to put in her trunk?" "No, sir," she replied with indigna-

"Then you did not have twenty-five what you asked her."
"This was said very sarcastically, and irrended for a crusher upon the idea that he should have put the mon-

She hesitated, and for an instant the

not far off, and she soon returned and handed me four receipts, which I took and examined. They were signed in a strange, staggering hand by the wit-